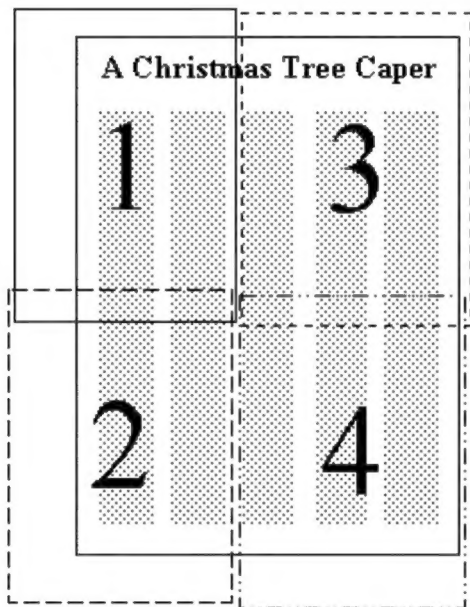


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY

A PRISON VAN
ROLLS TO A
HALT ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF
THE CITY.

74



WHILE TERRY ASSISTS RAMROD IN
BATTLE DAMAGE...



Record Breaker

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1954 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

"MY boy," Mr. Harris said. "I've got two tickets to the ice show tonight. Some last minute business came up and now I find that I can't use them. But my daughter just loves ice shows and she's been wanting to see this one."

Now it's my turn, Jimmy Wells thought, wincing slightly. For a few seconds he toyed with the idea of refusing to take out the boss' daughter, but reluctantly he dismissed it. After all, he liked his job with the Harris Paper Co.

"I've been wondering if you'd take her, my boy," Mr. Harris said, putting one hand on Jimmy's shoulder.

"Of course, sir," Jimmy said. "I'd be honored." And now, Jimmy thought, I've got to see the photograph. Fine girl. Good-looking and smart as a whip.

Mr. Harris picked up the framed picture on his desk and held it proudly for Jimmy's inspection. "Fine girl," he said. "Good-looking and smart as a whip."

HE EXAMINES PHOTOGRAPH

Jimmy dutifully examined the photograph. Clare Harris had blonde hair, a haughty chin, and cold blue eyes.

Mr. Harris gave him the tickets and clapped him on the shoulder. "You're doing great work here, son. Great work. Have a good time."

Freddie Shay sat at Jimmy's desk smoking a cigaret. Freddie had black hair, a thin-line mustache and very white teeth. He showed them in a grin. "I see you're joining the club," he said.

not a heartbreaking disappointment, I imagine you'll survive."

She shrugged without interest and took his arm. "Let's get it over with," she said.

They got into Jimmy's car and he pulled away from the curb.

"Nice night, isn't it," he said.

"Not particularly," she said.

"All right," Jimmy said stiffly. "It's a terrible night."

After several more quiet blocks, Clare glanced at him. "I suppose you realize that I'm not wild about my father making dates for me."

Jimmy slowed down the car and made a U-turn. "Fine," he said.

There was chill silence as he drove her back to her apartment. He stopped in front of the entrance and idled the motor. "You open the car door by pushing down hard on the latch," he said.

Clare got out of the car and turned, her eyes glittering with anger. "I don't like this a bit and neither will my father."

"Don't slam the door," Jimmy said.

She managed to control herself and her voice was sweet with sarcasm. "Don't you have the common ambition to marry the boss' daughter?"

"No," Jimmy said. "She's a self-centered brat."

The next morning Jimmy came to the office with the thought that this was probably his last day there. Freddie Shay was on the desk.

Jimmy blinked.

"Good," Mr. Harris said. "Fine." Jimmy turned away from Clare's thin smile. "We didn't go to the ice show," he said distinctly.

"What?" Mr. Harris barked.

"I said we didn't go to the ice show last night," Jimmy said. "As a matter of fact we parted mutual enemies after 15 minutes."

Mr. Harris took the cigar out of his mouth. "Hm," he said slowly, looking at his daughter. Clare seemed somewhat startled.

Jimmy felt that he had crossed the bridge and therefore had nothing to lose. He put his fingertip on Mr. Harris' desk and leaned forward. "I was bored with your daughter and she was bored with me."

"Well, now," Mr. Harris said.

"Furthermore, she has no manners. What she needs is a good spanking."

SHE WATCHES HIM WITH LANGUID SMILE

Mr. Harris rubbed his jaw, thinking about the last statement. "You know . . ." he began.

"Also," Jimmy said. "Why don't you keep out of her affairs." He turned around and marched out of the office.

Freddie Shay got quickly out of Jimmy's chair when he saw the expression on his face. Freddie decided a trip to the water cooler was in order.

Jimmy opened his brief case and pulled out the top drawer of his desk. He rummaged through the contents, picking out those things which were his personal property.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Clare leave Mr. Harris' office and walk up to him. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Clearing out my desk," Jimmy said.

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"Please take your carcass off my chair," Jimmy said. "I've got work to do."

Freddie rose, still smiling good-naturedly. "I hold the record," he said. "Three dates with her before she got tired of me."

"How could she stand you that long?" Jimmy asked gloomily.

Jimmy stared morosely at the surface of his desk. "Why does the old man have to make dates for his daughter. I'd think she could do pretty well on her own."

"The protective instinct," Freddie said. "He wants to make sure she marries somebody he knows and approves of."

Jimmy Wells called for Miss Clare Harris promptly at 7. She kept him waiting in the lobby of the large apartment building for half an hour before she came down.

"I'm Jimmy Wells," he said. She looked him over slowly and with apparent boredom. "About average," she said finally. "Maybe a little taller."

Irritation prickled at the back of Jimmy's neck. "As long as I'm

the car door by pushing down hard on the latch," he said.

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The next morning Jimmy came to the office with the thought that this was probably his last day there.

Freddie Shay wandered over to his desk. "How was it?" he asked. "A new record," Jimmy said sourly. "After 15 minutes we went our separate ways."

Freddie raised an eyebrow. "It's been nice knowing you."

Jimmy worked until 10 o'clock and then was summoned by Mr. Harris.

He almost missed a step when he found Clare sitting in the corner easy chair.

Mr. Harris sat at his desk studying a sheaf of papers. He looked up as Jimmy entered. "Take a seat," he said.

"No, thanks," Jimmy said. "I'll stand."

Mr. Harris looked up with mild surprise and then returned his attention to the papers.

Jimmy eyed Clare and saw that she watched him with a languid smile.

Abruptly Mr. Harris shifted the cigar in his mouth and looked up. "How was the ice show?"

Jimmy opened his mouth, but Clare spoke first. "Fine, Dad," she said. "Dreadfully exciting."

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"Clearing out my desk," Jimmy said.

"You don't have to. You're not fired or anything like that."

"Thanks," Jimmy said, still emptying his desk. "I suppose you graciously interceded. But it's no good. I'm resigning."

"I didn't say a word to Dad," Clare said. She hesitated. "If you think Dad would fire anybody on a personal matter like this, you just don't know Dad. He didn't say anything at all after you stormed out. He just sat there thinking and looking at me."

"Would you like me to help you put those things back?" Clare asked.

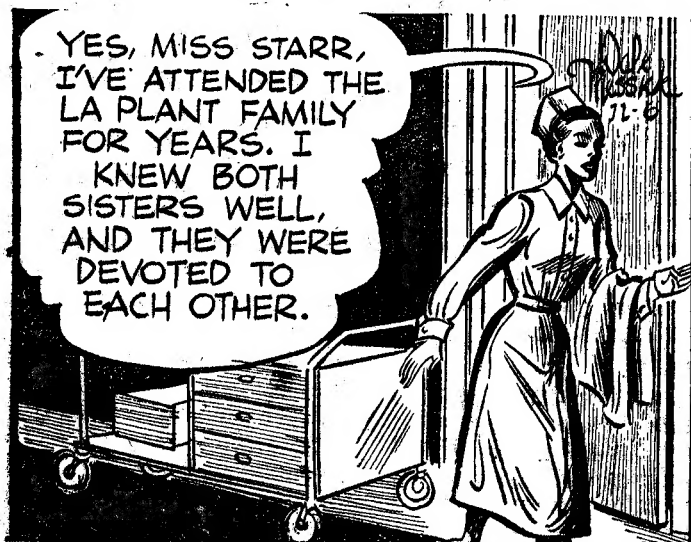
Jimmy looked up as he heard the new quality in her voice. He saw eyes that weren't cold at all. In fact there was something he distinctly liked about them.

At the water cooler, Freddie Shay watched them just standing there and smiling at their new discovery of each other.

He sighed philosophically. "There goes my record," he said to himself.

THE END

BRENDA STARR



**TERRY ASSISTS RAMROD IN REPAIRING
DAMAGE...**



...AND IN THE AMERICAN EMBASSY...



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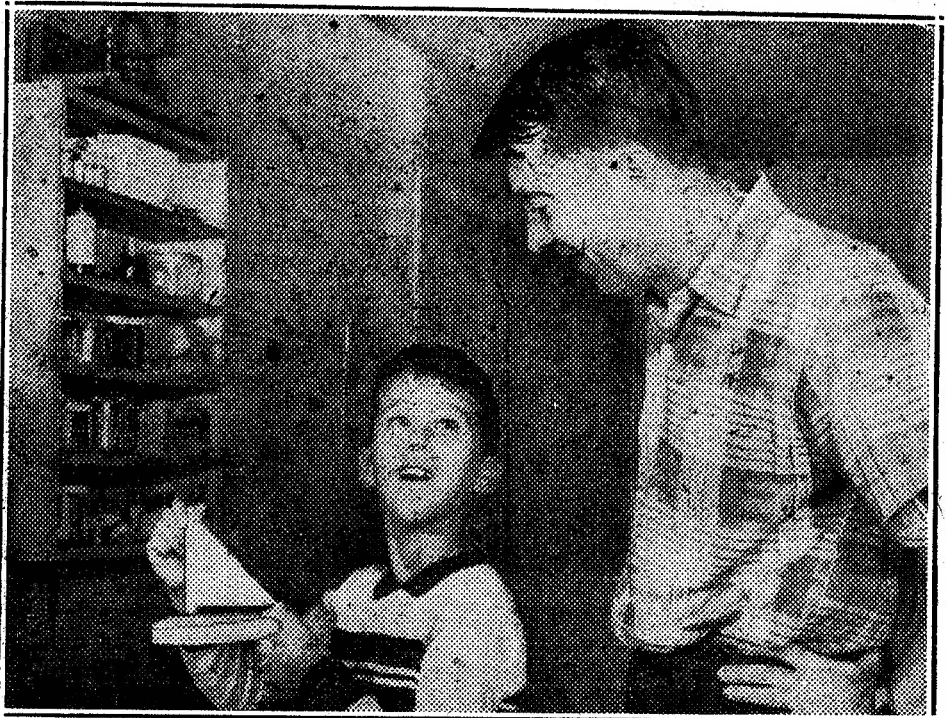
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Child Will Lose Interest In Job If It's Too Difficult



By GLADYS BEVANS

Some children are naturally more skillful with their hands than others. But how much opportunity and encouragement have been provided enter largely into the matter.

Take for example, two 7-year-olds I know. One has an intense interest in drawing, painting, cutting out pictures in detail, building intricate structures with those small, perfect blocks which fit so accurately together, and putting records on his phonograph.

The other has little or no interest in these things but is fascinated by cars. When only a little chap he could identify makes of cars on the

discouraged in his effort. This will certainly "put him off" the project. A very young cook who may cut out cookies very well, may not be able to roll out the dough. The young artist who can finger-paint satisfactorily may have trouble "filling in" pictures in a coloring-book. So it goes.

Watch your child and let the art or craft project be right for his or her age and muscular skill.

It is not too early to start Christmas presents. Suggestions for "Christmas Presents Children Can Make" is a leaflet sent out on receipt of a large, stamped, addressed envelope. Address Mrs. Gladys Bevans, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St.

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Take for example, two 7-year-olds I know. One has an intense interest in drawing, painting, cutting out pictures in detail, building intricate structures with those small, perfect blocks which fit so accurately together, and putting records on his phonograph.

The other has little or no interest in these things but is fascinated by cars. When only a little chap he could identify makes of cars on the road at a glance, and later tell the year of many. When he visits the family's farm he drives the smallest tractor, ploughs, and knows a lot about the mechanism of cars. When near a piano he gravitates toward it and tries to play by picking out melodies. Not only are these two boys different in their degrees of deftness, but also in the kind of dexterity it is within their power to achieve.

Follow the Lead

Nevertheless, all children should learn to use their hands, and should be given the materials, and interest at home which help them to enjoy manual activities, and to grow in skill. Having given your child such opportunities you will discover that they will enjoy and do better, some things than others. Where possible follow these leads.

One other thing I want to point out which I have not, so far. Do not give your child something to do which is so difficult for him so far beyond his degree of muscular coordination that he grows tense or

discouraged in his effort. This will certainly "put him off" the project. A very young cook who may cut out cookies very well, may not be able to roll out the dough. The young artist who can finger-paint satisfactorily may have trouble "filling in" pictures in a coloring-book. So it goes.

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5 for BRIGHT SAYINGS

THE NEWS will pay \$5 for each childish saying printed. Unaccepted manuscripts cannot be returned. Address "Bright Sayings," THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Usually when my nephew, 5, comes into the house he has a goodie given him by neighbors. Upon my asking him why he fared so well, he said, "Oh, I guess it's because I have a hungry face."

Kearny, N. J. A. G.

Having no school the next day, my niece, 7, was permitted to stay overnight at her friend's home. My niece's sister, 5, reminded the older girl to take her toothbrush. I told her that I thought she was very nice to her sister. "Oh," came the reply, "I was afraid that if she forgot her toothbrush, she'd come back for it."

Bronx

B. S.

